



VOL. 1, NO. 8

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

APRIL 3, 1943

# HELLZAPOPPIN TONIGHT

## Anza Opens New Arlington USO Club

The men of Camp Anza were particularly pleased to be represented last Sunday at the Dedication Ceremony of the Arlington USO, 9462 Magnolia Ave. Among the speakers were Colonel Earle R. Sarles, Major Walter A. Johnson and Lt. Colonel Benjamin B. Bain of the Reception Center.

The program was a most satisfactory one, and included the pleasing musical talents of Pvt. and Mrs. Arthur Todd, and Pvts. Jack Crowley and Vernon Kline.

The new USO, opened through the efforts of the people of Arlington, is another pleasant and homey testimony to the sincere co-operation given the Armed Forces by the civilian population.

Ping pong tables, writing tables, lounges, and free pin ball games are but a few of the comforts and aids toward relaxation that this new, artistically furnished USO club offers.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

## It's Spring, Tra-La

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The above is a quotation from Locksley Hall, Tennyson's most meaningful work. It has power to deeply affect the heart of the idle and brave. It has considerable amount of prediction about the present world conflagration.

Spring and youth do blend well, it is no wonder all great men revere these two elements. In the spring the pulses throb freely with ardent emotion, youth is touched and caressed by unrestrained joy and panting devotion. Spring is the genuine season, it is descriptive, chromatic and frolicsome.

—Sgt. J. N. Breznak.

## Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Things About the Guys in the Next Tent

\* \* \*

**HQs** WHODONIT? First Sgt. Buckman would like to know who short sheeted his bed, but he never will, I betcha. Pvt. Harry Higgins gets plenty of practice sleeping out of a bunk. It was beautiful and romantic the way S/Sgt. Richard Carlson was serenaded and showered with clover blossoms by Cpl. Wilbur McMinn and Pfc. Stanley Mazon. Pvt. Eugene Mattingly challenges one and all to a game of barnyard golf. HQ Beeftrust—Cpl. Edmund Murphy, Pvts. James Nevins and Louis Levesque—one ton of beauty and grace. We argue plenty among ourselves but outsiders intrude at their own risk. Advice to Hqs—never ask a Medic "what's cooking." Off in the distance, the boys in Unit Supply can always be heard fighting the war or something, with talk, talk, talk and more talk. The Barracks No. 2 boys are still hoping a radio's full blast will yet discourage that early morning troubador, Pfc. Arthur Curley. The long and short of it—Pvts. Edward Kosner and James Nevins. Pvt. Harry Schreiber has a girl in Kalama—I mean, Hollywood. Pvt. Vincent Spina, the Greenwich Village flash, strongly denies the charge that he struck a home here, and how.

—by Cpl. Roland J. Bozzi

\* \* \*

**Medics** "MAKE ME A PRIVATE and give me the dice," said a Sgt. with a mustache. Sgt. Carl Latimer is almost better known as the "Umbrella Man." Cpl. Kermit Umphrey offers two of the addresses as reward for the return of his little red book. After the Victory, Pvt. Mike Korolia is going to Harvard—the cafeteria there is wonderful. Sgt. John Margullen went on sick call with a bad case of Ponyitis—temperature 118°. Sgt. Paul Abrams has as many cousins as a movie star. Why doesn't Pvt. Wardynsk come see his favorite O.D. anymore? Pfc. Carl Cochran running around reminds us of "A Message to Garcia." Cpl. Clarence Wagan, the bugler, has been in an Army before, and it wasn't the Foreign Legion. It's old stuff now but maybe you haven't heard about the CQ that went to bed early for GENERAL principles.

—by Sgt. Robert Tesmer

\* \* \*

**MPs** THOSE HQ BARRACKS look more like a home for the aged and feeble. Cpl. Michael Thompson did alright for himself at Long Beach. Stop griping, Pfc. Martin Albright—or tell it to the chaplain. Cpl. Gilbert Roederer is a brand new daddy of a baby girl, making the score 2. A Pfc. and his money are soon parted, moans Pfc. James Scheid. Our detachment is fast getting to look like soldiers or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Speaking of drilling maybe that's what has taken that contented look off Pfc. Wyno Silberberg's face. Pfc. Bernard Schreiber just received the Salami—line forms on the right. See here, Sgt. James Morris, return those light bulbs to the Guard Barracks—you're supposed to be a supply sergeant. Strong denial by Cpl. Harold Goldman to the charge that he struck a home—he says the job isn't as easy as it looks.

(Cont. on Page 2)

Tonight's the night, Zip has been telling you about for the past two weeks. It's a mad house that's coming to Anza. Olson and Johnson's "Hellzapoppin," in person! It defies description, but for the sake of brevity it is called a "scream-lined revue." Packed with fun, loaded with fire-crackers and pistols; a T.N.T. recipe for laughter. That's what you'll find in this sensationally successful Broadway show!

Fun spills over the footlights, right into the laps of the audience!

The headliners of the show are Milton Douglas and Co., Jack (Cont. on Page 3)

—BUY WAR BONDS—

## Arlington Lions In the Army For One Night

Last Wednesday night, the Arlington Lions Club got a short but pleasant taste of Army life as guests of Anza's personnel. Major Walter A. Johnson was host at the dinner and entertainment given in the Area B mess hall.

Colonel Earle R. Sarles welcomed the group, but withheld that part of his speech dealing with his military experiences — (seems a few lionesses were present.)

Entertainment for the affair was furnished by Pvts. Todd, Kline, Crowley and Wilbur and Mrs. Jane Buchanan, Virginia Castner and Kate Dougherty, Riverside's Kate Smith.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

## For Grippers Only

EXTRACT FROM GUADALCANAL DIARY

By Richard Tregaskis

"... When the barrage halted, we could hear a blubbing, sobbing cry that was more animal than human. A marine came running to the dugout entrance to say that several men had been badly wounded and needed a corps

(Cont. on Page 4)





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## The Inquiring Line . . .

Q. I've been stationed in Hawaii for three years, two in peace and one in war, and during that time I have never had a furlough. Do you know of any way that I can even get a 15-day furlough home? I'm entitled to 90 days, but I would be overjoyed at 15 days.

A. During peacetime an enlistment man is eligible for 30 days furlough a year. However, this does not apply now that there is a war going on. Furloughs are granted at the discretion of your C. O.

Q. I leave for officer candidate school in the very near future. If I flunk out do I get a promotion in the non-commissioned ranks? I'm a corporal now.

A. No. However, if you fail in one subject you get some coaching and a chance to retake the examination.

Q. Can my wife enlist in the women's reserve of the Marine Corps, considering the fact that we have a 13-year-old son?

A. No. Married women with children under 18 are not accepted.

Q. We had a session the other night over who was entitled to wear the National Defense Service ribbon. Can you straighten this out for us?

A. The ribbon may be worn by those who enlisted or who were inducted into service prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

## Theatre Notes

One show nightly at 7:30 p.m.

SATURDAY (3) — "Olson and Johnson's Hellzapoppin." (See Page 1.)

SUNDAY (4) & MONDAY (5) — "Hangmen Also Die" with Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan. (Hangman Heydrich gets the works.)

TUESDAY (6) — "Corregidor" with Otto Kruger & Elissa Landi. (Not yet commercially released.)

WEDNESDAY (7) & THURSDAY (8) — "Slightly Dangerous" with Lana Turner and Robert Young. (Should be slightly terrific.)

FRIDAY (9) — "The Major and the Minor" with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Revival—top-notch comedy.)

## Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 1)

Open question—who's Lt. Leonard Allen's press agent? He's a whiz, on getting the Lt's name in Zip. Pfc. Henry Katner, who builds model planes and shoots arrows, also skins snakes and stuffs birds.

—by Cpl. Jacob G. Gottlieb

\* \* \*

**Officers** IT HAPPENED at the Dinah Shore songfest. Dinah had the officers glued to their seats—that is all the officers except the M. C., Lt. Ames. This week there will be no reference to Capt. Baldrige's reaction to a new feminine charm. He hasn't entirely recovered from his former transitory amours. . . . Wonder how long the officers' boycott of the nurses will last? Or didn't you hear about it? It all started when the nurses—but why go into past history? It's the future history that will make this column zip. A double welcome to Lt. Feld, our new chemical warfare officer and Lt. Fox, our new ordnance officer. Rumor has it that Lt. Hyder, a former pharmacist, who was commissioned in the field artillery, and is now in ordnance will be transferred to chemical warfare—an almost complete training program. Lt. Glick has also been shuffled around—this time into another office—no windows, a solitary door, and a "No Admittance" sign. Hatching something, Lt? Nary a day goes by but that Lt. Birnbaum comes out of the post office heavily laden. He put in a work order for a private warehouse. And it's no longer private news that a certain lieutenant passed out cigars the other day. No, it's not what you think. Just a well earned additional bar for the present Capt. Wright. And barring unforeseen circumstances, Maj. Tavares is planning to exhibit his home-grown radishes. Your correspondent will match radish for radish—if his bug destroyer does all the things it is supposed to do. . . . And how about a local vegetable exchange mart for all perspiring vegetable enthusiasts?

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel

\* \* \*

**QMs** PFC. BLACKIE WILSON would like to buy Pfc. George Dobschutz's peanut machine. Cpl. Gerardo Cozzalino also wants the "anza" to a Medic's reply when asked "what's cooking." Was it footprints upside down that did it to 1st Sgt. LeRoy Westervelt's windshield? "The bigger they are the harder they twirl," says Pfc. Marcus Perry, the broken field runner on a dance floor. Cpl. Joe Wing has that certain Long Beach sulphur swell about him. It's a good man that makes his own opening—take a peak at the one Pvt. David Connelly made. Cpl. George Burke claims we won't get WAACs here on account of the HQ country club dudes and is he sore. Can it be that Sgt. Marten Tafel's new job isn't the dream of his life? A certain sergeant bought a new pair of ivories because the others weren't the right color or something.

—by Pfc. Paul K. Lindsay

\* \* \*

## Svce. Det.

Scandals off this week.

(My-my!)

'Cause the boys 'been working—hard and long—

(Hi-hi!)

A' helping Uncle Sam in his "trek."

(Die-die—you Japs!)

But whatever you're thinkin'—you're wrong.

Since Uncle 's made "Craps GI,"

(My-my!)

And the 31st 'twas pay day.

(Hi-hi!)

Just watch the scandal ride high,

As the boys "make hay" in L. A.

(Bye-bye!)

—by Cpl. Guy L. Miller, Jr.

\* \* \*

**Rec. Ctr.** CPL. BILL BEAVER didn't mind Sgt. Sherwin (Smoothie) Howard running off with his blonde, but when Howard copped the quart it really hurt. . . . Lt. Harry Cooksey's draft board is on the job—they just reclassified him. . . . Here's the low-down on Sgt. George Davidson's picture-bride—her name is Jennie and she comes from Wisconsin. . . . Wedding bells

(Cont. on Page 3)

## Capt. Chas. Wright Anza's Adjutant

Breathes there an Anza man who knows not the name and signature of one Charles C. Wright, Captain, A.G.D., Adjutant. If so or, if not, read on and learn about this officer who is the "mouth-piece" of the Commanding Officer and who has the important duty of being in charge of all matters pertaining to personnel.

Capt. Wright is a native Californian, born at Hanford in the San Joaquin Valley on December



18, 1919. He is a graduate chemist of U.C.L.A. and, prior to the war, made his home in Los Angeles. Now, the Captain and his wife live in Arlington, merely a stone's throw from about the busiest desk in camp.

Capt. Wright's military education was obtained while in college and by attendance at officer's schools. These include the following: Chemical Warfare, R.O.T.C. Camp at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., in June, 1940; and Quartermaster's Motor Transportation School, Detroit, Michigan, in September, 1941.

On December 6, 1941, he arrived at Fort Monroe, Va., to take a ten-week refresher course at the Coast Artillery School there. What happened the following day, we are all rather familiar with. To Capt. Wright it meant school was out and orders came almost immediately sending him back West for duty abroad. En route to war he stopped at Las Vegas long enough to get married, and then he proceeded to Fort McDowell. Here he spent 3 months waiting for a ship, that never came in.

Then for the next 3 months he was stationed at Camp Stoneman, Pittsburg, California, where he was Personnel Officer. On September 23, 1942, he was ordered to Camp Anza, then known as A. S. A. (censored). Shortly thereafter Capt. Wright was made Adjutant and began his career of "for the or by order of the Commanding Officer" which may or may not be pleasant news to you depending on your behavior or a thousand other things.



## Chaplain's Corner . . .

By Lt. Jasper C. Havens

This is the month of Easter, having four Sundays, the last of which is Easter Sunday. All around us we are witnessing what appeared to be dead suddenly burst into life and blossom into beauty that cannot be matched by man. The ancient sage was right when he wrote "'Tis the Divinity that stirs within." No less amazing is the Truth of the message of the first Easter and its power of beautifying the spirits of men that appeared to be dead, but were made alive again by the hope of the Resurrection.

Because this is of first importance to every man, and the cost was so great, we are called to a lifetime of devotion, sacrifice and work in the business of the Resurrected Lord. It would please Him if the men of this Camp would show their gratitude for this "unspeakable gift" by making special devotion and sacrifice for Chapel services this Easter month.

### Sunday Services

10:00 A. M.—Colored. Preaching and Communion.

11:00 A. M.—Protestant. Preaching and Communion.

7:00 P. M.—Vespers.

Catholic Mass—To be announced.

Thursdays — Devotions, 7:00 P. M. The International Sunday School Lessons will be used for this study.

## Beauty in "Hellzapoppin' "



The charming young lady pictured above is Maxine Turner, acrobatic dancing star of Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin'*.

California furnishes all of the other states with Borate materials, and crude chromite, talc and pumice.

## Kisses . . .

The charming lady blew kisses to the men! And that's just what lovely Dinah Shore did last Saturday!

For more than one solid hour the radio and screen star sang melodies that she had made famous by her inimitable style. Solid applause followed each number. Request after request was sung. As the audience arose to leave the gracious Miss Shore blew kisses to them and shouted, "Good luck!"

Good luck? They're certain to have that, Miss Shore! And it's certain that not one of the men present will forget your lovely songs.

Each and every man in the lucky group that heard you sing last Saturday would like to say, "Thanks Dinah! Good luck to you! —and hurry back!"

## Hellzapoppin

(Cont. from Page 1)

Leonard, Ben Beri, the Emerald Sisters, the three Hilton Sisters, Dorothy Deering, George Mayo, Claire Louise Evans, Harry Hines and Billy Potter and various animals of the better known domesticated species.

And GIRLS?? Listen men! Sixteen lovelies! The Roxyettes! Sixteen beautiful bits of femininity.

Nuff sed. We'll be seeing you there!

## Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

rang out for Lt. Albert Stacpoole—congratulations! . . . It's a treat to hear Sgt. Dick Mosely warble for the recorder and vice versa at the impromptu Day Room jam sessions. . . . What barred Romeo pitches the woo through the PX screens? . . . Captain John Failing took a scientific interest in Cpl. George Kitchell's photo book. . . . The Medics had a rugged rampage Tuesday eve—they claim it relaxes their nerves. The HQs finally did it—they beat the Aviation Cadets to the Day Room which takes plenty of doing. A big salute to the PX for the great variety of wares handled there at the right prices.

—by Pfc. John J. Heller

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**Civilians** RED SPOTS are appearing like magic around the post including Headquarters and Operations and we do mean the MEASLES. . . . Of course, it could be an excuse to get the genial Captain Baldrige to take temperatures. . . . Edna Mae says that when her name gets in this column she sure has a hectic time keeping her poise. AND from whom did Kathleen Marlow get the Air Corps wings? We'd all like to know but she refuses to give out. . . . Some of these soldier's wives still get their hands held when they walk down the street—namely La Bombards, Latinas and Jacks. How do they do it? . . . Those girls in Civilian Personnel are some jitterbugs, to wit: Exhibition at the PX during lunch hour! . . . And you should hear Elaine Harris give out with the enthusiasm about a certain Lt. who will long be remembered by her. . . . Lots of broken hearts were left behind, too, Elaine. Quite a few tears shed, too. Mrs. Wynne's eyes are still swollen, even tho' her husband did come home unexpectedly. . . .

—by Mrs. Catherine Smith

## Free Mail Privileges . . .

By Lt. James L. Bussio

1. The Post Office Department has ruled that the free mail privilege is applicable only to personal letter mail in its usual and generally accepted form, including messages on post cards, sent by the members of the armed forces. The privilege does not apply to correspondence from wives or other relatives nor to any matter sent to the personnel of the military or naval forces by persons who are not members of such forces.

2. The name of the sender, his grade or rating, the designation of the service to which he belongs, and the word "Free," must be in the handwriting of the sender.

### A. Letters:

1. Personal, to relatives, friends etc., including V-mail.

2. To associations, firms, or corporations, including remittances.

3. Special delivery, provided the fee for such service is prepaid.

4. Mailed while the sender is on furlough.

5. From members of the armed forces while in hospitals.

### B. Miscellaneous:

1. Small photographic negatives and unmounted prints when accompanying letters.

2. Souvenir and pictorial cards, unless bearing matter of a promotional character.

3. Greeting cards, such as Mother's Day, birthday, seasonable, etc., enclosed in envelopes.

er's Day, birthday, seasonable, etc., enclosed in envelopes.

4. Election ballots.

C. The free mail privilege does not apply to:

1. Air mail.

2. Registered, insured or C.O.D. mail.

3. Parcels or packages, whether sealed or unsealed.

4. Newspapers, magazines and books.

5. Circular letters.

6. Newspaper clippings, and printed or mimeographed matter, unless enclosed with letters and forming only an incidental feature.

7. Cards exceeding the post card size consisting mainly of cartoon or other printed matter.

8. Pictorial folders.

9. Envelopes and cards containing extraneous printed matter, stickers, etc., on the face.

10. Matter sent for philatelic purposes.

11. Merchandise.

12. Wedding invitations or announcements.

13. Phonograph records.

14. Photographic films sent for development.

15. Large mounted photographs.

16. Letters of officers' clubs and other organizations.

17. Cards and envelopes bearing advertisements or other inscriptions giving the names of the donors.



## Athletic News . . .

The final standings of the Riverside "B" Basketball League are as follows:

	Won	Lost
Camp Anza	10	2
Sherman Institute	10	2
Arlington	7	4
Anza Medics	4	5
Senior Hawks	3	7
Baptists	3	8
Casa Blanca	4	10

Zip is informed that no playoff series will take place due to the fact that no awards are to be made.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

## War Bond News

By Sgt. S. Jack Eile

"Everybody, Every Pay Day at Least 10%."

The cost to us of this war is running into billion upon billions of dollars. A sum so huge no one group in the population, or two or three, can produce it. It means a strain upon the finances of every man and woman in the United States who is earning an income large or small. This war is everybody's business. The government, it is certain, is going to get this money from all of us, the people, one way or another. There is no quibbling about appropriations for war needs.

Fortunately the government is giving us a chance to lend to it a good portion of the money it must have for the war, and pays a good return in interest—more than we can get on any other comparable investment. I need not explain to you the War Savings Bonds' Plan. Most of you are now buying these bonds regularly. Indeed the number of bonds you have bought and the amount of money you have put in entitles you to great admiration.

—BUY WAR BONDS—

## To the MPs, the QMCs And All the Rest

The Medics ain't a fighting lot,  
Ah, this we will admit;  
And with the storming Infantry  
The line we couldn't hit.

We pushers of the C C Pills  
Can't wield a bayonet;  
For one of us to fly a plane  
Has not been heard of yet.

We have our share of Sergeants,  
A General or two;  
But the fact that they couldn't  
drive a tank  
Or sail a ship is true.

The Medics ain't a fighting lot,  
But say, for goodness sake:  
Remember who you come to first  
When you get the belly-ache.  
—by Sgt. Robert Tesmer.

## For Grippers Only

(Cont. from Page 1)

man. And the crying man kept on, his gurgling rising and falling in regular waves like the sound of some strange machine.

I edged around a smashed tent toward the sound and found myself amidst a scene of frightfulness. One gray-green body lay on its back. There was a small, irregular red hole in the middle of the chest.

Near by lay the wounded man who had been crying in the night. A big, muscular fellow, he lay on his right side while a doctor bandaged the shredded remains of one leg, and a corps man worked on the twisted, gaping mouth of a wound which bared the other leg to the bone.

His face and shoulders lay in the center of a sheet of gore. Face wounds rained blood on the ground. A deep excavation through layers of tissue had been made in one shoulder. The other shoulder, too, was ripped by shrapnel. I could see now how he made the terrible noise. He was crying, sobbing, into a pool of blood. The blood distorted the sound of his wailing, as water would have done, into a bubbling sound. The sound still came in cycles, rising to peaks of loudness. One of the wounded man's hands moved in mechanical circles on the ground, keeping time with his cries. . . .

—Submitted by  
S/Sgt. M. J. Marion.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

## Service Club News . . .

The Riverside Garden Club had dinner and held a meeting at the Service Club Tuesday preceding the dance. The members heard an informal address by our Chaplain, Lt. Havens. The Club is donating equipment for decorating the S. C. fireplaces.

It is this group that furnished the Chapel with the beautiful flower vases and sees to it that flowers are always in them.

—BUY WAR BONDS—

## Laff of the Week . . .

A highly ingenious technique for bucking long, slow-moving dental inspection lines has been developed by certain soldiers who have the correct "equipment." Men who are able to do so simply remove their false teeth, hand them to the next in line and say, "Show these to the officer and bring 'em back to the barracks when you come."

—ZIP-A-LIP—

"Do I feel terrible this morning," moaned Private Bill Sheehan, the MP smoothie. "I got up today on the wrong side of the first sergeant."

## Red Cross On the Ball

There is a slogan for the service man, "The Red Cross Field Office cannot work miracles, but it can help a lot to lighten a man's troubles."

Here are some typical helps from our files:

A soldier's mother had to have an operation unexpectedly. His married sister wired they lacked money. The Red Cross took care of it.

A soldier's father lost his job. The Red Cross saw to it that he got another one and, by good fortune, a better one.

A soldier permanently disabled for further Army service was taught a new trade suited to his condition. The Red Cross arranged it and took care of his claim, too. He is getting along fine.

No matter how large or small your problem, whether your difficulty is more or less serious or very different from these, the Field Director's Office at Anza will undertake to act on your behalf or on behalf of your family in any matter affecting your own or their welfare.

"Come in and talk it over."

## News from Your Home Town . . .

Obtained from  
Camp Newspaper Service

**Albany, N. Y.** — Lipstick vs. beards is a battle which has been brought to a head by the Rt. Rev. Ashton Oldham, Episcopal Bishop here. Charging that women spend too much time "putting on" their faces, he offered to let his beard grow if they would agree to general abandonment of the use of cosmetics. He got no takers.

**Albert Lea, Minn.** — Because playmates taunted the two youngest of the seven children of Mrs. Della True she killed them. She said she didn't want them to have to suffer the teasing of other children.

**Bellows Falls, Vt.** — A theater projection room served as a delivery room during the birth of a baby to the wife of a movie operator recently. The baby was delivered to Mrs. John Scanlon. Mr. Scanlon continued to run the movie while 500 customers sat unaware of the real life drama going on behind them. Mrs. Scanlon had gone to the theater to ask her husband to summon a cab to take her to the hospital, but as things turned out there wasn't time.

**Carson City, Nev.** — Work of the Nevada legislature has been slowed considerably by the lack of

## Roughnecks . . .

Your boy can't stand the army?  
It's much too tough for him?  
You think he's any better  
Than Molly's Tom or Tim?

You raised him like a lady,  
He doesn't swear or brag.  
If other lads were like him  
Who then would guard our flag?

You say his girl won't like  
His going with the rest.  
I wonder how she'd take  
An enemy caress.

Thank God, stars in Old Glory  
Will never bear such stains;  
Because a million roughnecks  
Have red blood in their veins.

So let the tough boys fight,  
They're used to beans and stew  
And every blooming roughneck  
Loves his Red, White and Blue.

They'll fight in any weather,  
A grin on every face.  
Keep darling Percy home  
While brave men take his place.

Yes, we are young and tough,  
We'll fight like Grandad did.  
Go warm the milk for Percy—  
We don't need such a kid.

—by Cpl. Asher F. Seale.

typewriters, and the War Production Board won't allow the purchase of any more machines.

**Hammonton, N. J.** — A train struck a truck driven by Jules Press sending him and four blankets flying through the air. The blankets landed first and then Press landed on them with the greatest of ease. The truck was demolished.

**Indianapolis, Ind.** — A theater here advertised a double feature as follows: "George Washington Slept Here" "Between Us Girls."

**Kansas City, Mo.** — A watchdog was left locked inside their home by the Ralph MacBride's. When they returned the pooch was locked outside. He had been put out by a thief who stole \$75 worth of clothing.

**Philadelphia** — Three-ton Josephine, a zoo elephant, died here at the age of 20 from heart disease. She served as a mascot for the Republican National Convention in 1940.

**Seattle** — A 44-year-old letter of recommendation helped secure a job for 70-year-old Charley Burdett. He got a job with the same firm which had given him the letter when he left to enlist for the Spanish-American war.